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small evergreen tree adapted to your climate,

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how many and what kind of trees and plants

you would like to purchase, and when you

would like to plant them.

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DARK BROWN

TASTE

In your mouth indicates

Bile, and shows that

your blood's wrong.

NEAT'S

SARSAPARILLA

will set your blood right; and

cure your Dyspepsia, Sick-Head-

ache, Nervousness, Aches and

Pains—Tone you up all over. Try

the bottle, and be sure to ask

for "Neat's."

Neat's Sarsaparilla is for sale by

R. C. Hardwick, druggist.

Old papers for sale at the KENTUCKIAN office.

NOT BY DIVINE RIGHT.

SOME DOINGS OF KINGS AND
HEIRS APPARENT.

NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA AND HIS MOR-
GANATIC MARRIAGE.

His Conduct in That Respect Has Had
Many Parallels—The Duke of York
Also Had a Mesalliance—Chapters
from History.



THE MARRIAGE
of Nicholas II, Rus-
sia's young czar, to
Princess Alix is an-
other instance of a
crown throwing its
blighting shadows
between two loving
hearts. The young
autocrat, it is au-
thoritatively
stated, has entered
upon the marriage relations with a
beautiful Jewess and two children have
been born to them. The czar was
kept in ignorance of the matter until
the pressure was brought to bear upon
Nicholas, who told his mother, by
whom the affair was related to the
father. The latter was furious, while
Nicholas met his rage by an offer to re-
sign his claim to the crown rather than
to give up his pretty wife. His father,
however, persisted in his breaking off
with his Jewish wife, and Nicholas
accepted the inevitable.

The story has more than one parallel
in the history of modern dynasties. It
is known that the death of Duke Clarence,
heir after the prince of Wales to the
crown of Great Britain, was hastened
by the demand of the queen that he
should marry Princess May, the young
man being unattractively attached to
the daughter of the late Comte de
Paris, who, unlike Princess Alix, would
not change her religion for the pros-
pect of a crown, and whom the duke of
Clarence could not marry and retain
his right to the crown. It is also main-
tained that the duke of York was mar-
ried privately to the daughter of an
admiral of the British navy; that she
and their children live at Malta, where
the ceremony took place; and that,
although the truth was known to the



queen and George's parents, they re-
quired him to marry the Princess May.
The story of George IV and Mrs.
Fitzherbert is another of like nature.
When prince of Wales the beautiful
woman, twice a widow, completely in-
fatuated him and she fled to escape his
persistent offers of marriage. She was
an amiable and high principled woman
and tolerated no conduct on George's
part unbecoming her dignity. That
he would have trifled with her if she
had permitted him to do so is certain
from the after meanness of his be-
havior. She consented to a betrothal
under strange circumstances. He sent
a number of intimate friends to her to
say that he had stabbed himself out of
grief over her rejection of his suit, and
they begged her to accompany them to
his residence, then Carlton house, to
help save his life. She found him
covered with blood, and seemingly al-
most dying. He waited that unless
she became engaged to him he should
die. He placed a ring upon her finger,
having borrowed it from the duchess
of Devonshire. A formal mar-
riage afterward took place, but it had
to be kept secret because the



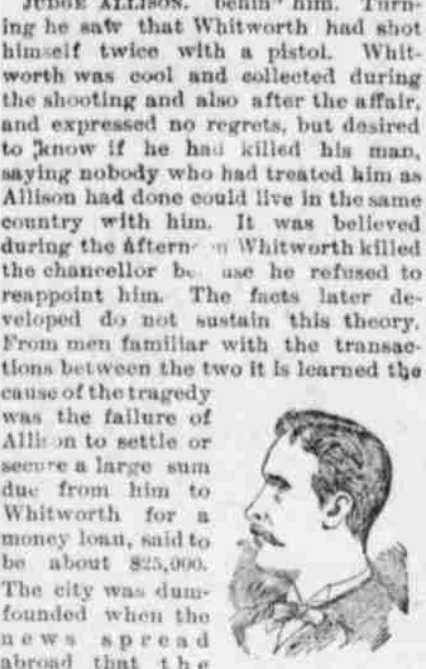
PRINCESS MAY.
bride, being a Roman Catholic, the
heir, by acknowledging a marriage
with her, would lose his crown. There
was no question of the marriage and
George was blatant in his declarations
that he would give up any number of
crowns for Mary Fitzherbert. The
king was undoubtedly a party to the
base subterfuge, for as soon as the suc-
cession had to be considered, the wife
so obtained was offered the debasement
of a morganatic relation, which she
scornfully rejected. She never per-
mitted the king to meet her after his
denial that the marriage had been
legal, and upon his union with Caro-
line of Brunswick she retired alto-
gether from society. Duke Clarence
was willing to give up the woman he
loved to marry one he cared nothing
for if by no other method he could be
king. The duke of York, if the chron-
icle generally credited be correct, has

done the same thing, but in a more
immoral manner. It is scarcely likely
that the czar will prove manlier than
George IV, or the grandsons of Vic-
toria of the same stock.

THE NASHVILLE TRAGEDY.

The Killing of Chancellor Allison by
His Late Law Clerk.

Of all the many tragedies that Nash-
ville has experienced the most apall-
ing occurred last week. Chancery
Court Clerk George K. Whitworth shot
and instantly killed Chancellor An-
drew Allison in the upper hallway of
the court in that city. Only one man,
Joseph H. Acklen, saw the tragedy.
The chancellor had just adjourned
his court and left
the hall and was
about to descend
the steps. Whit-
worth, who was in
the hall, said: "O,
Judge," and as he
turned fired at him.
Acklen rushed at
him, and as he did
so heard two shots
behind him. Turn-
ing he saw that Whitworth had shot
himself twice with a pistol. Whit-
worth was cool and collected during
the shooting and also after the affair,
and expressed no regrets, but desired
to know if he had killed his man,
saying nobody who had treated him as
Allison had done could live in the same
country with him. It was believed
during the afternoon that Whitworth
killed the chancellor because he refused
to reappoint him. The facts later de-
veloped do not sustain this theory.
From men familiar with the transac-
tions between the two it is learned the
cause of the tragedy was the failure of
Allison to settle or secure a large sum
due from him to
Whitworth for a
money loan, said to
be about \$25,000.
The city was dumfounded when the
news spread abroad that the
chancellor had been killed by his clerk.
Chancellor Allison was 52 years old and had just
begun his second term of eight years,
having been re-elected in August last.
George K. Whitworth is 42 years old,
had held several public offices, and
was an active politician.



OHIO'S AWFUL TRAGEDY.

Victims of the Most Fendish Crime
Recorded for Years.

The most appalling crime that has
for years been recorded in Ohio was
enacted near Hicksville the other
day. Ashley and Elsie Good, aged 14
and 15 respectively, left their home
Sunday afternoon for a hunt in the
woods not far distant. That night
they did not return home. The next
morning a search party was sent out
and during the day found their man-
gled bodies under a brush heap, near
the farm house of a family by the
name of Hart. They had been murder-
ed in cold blood, and then the per-
petrators sought to wipe out evidence
of the awful deed by setting the brush
upon a fire. But it did not
burn and their bodies were
found as told. It seems that assault
on the little girl prompted the crime.
The children were captured and bound.
At this stage of the tragedy the boy



ASHLEY AND ELSIE GOOD.

was apparently dealt a cruel blow on
the cheek that knocked out four of his
teeth. It was done with the toy gun
he took with him when he and his
little sister started out to play. From
the appearance of the wound when
the body was found he must have
lived an hour or so after he received it.
The place they were first taken to is
not known. There is evidence that the
children were together when the girl
was assaulted. It then became evident
to the find that he must do away with
one or both. To make the boy promise
not to tell he began torturing the
lad, horribly mutilating him and the
mother ripped him open
on one side of the abdomen
and then on the other. It only re-
mained to cut his throat, and it was
done. The body was then carried out
to the brush pile, where it was placed
to be burned up. The little girl was
brought to the brush heap. This could
be seen by her tracks in the mud. The
footprints showed she was dragged
along unwillingly, as her marks were
the deepest. The places where she
laid on the ground in two or three
different positions could be plainly
seen. She was held down and her
throat cut after she had been
mutilated and tortured worse
even than her brother. Such
are some of the stories that come
through some of the searching party.
That some of the near neighbors
"never saw the smoke" of the burning
brush heap when it was in plain sight
is regarded as suspicious and resulted
in arrests. Charles Hart, who nar-
rowly escaped lynching, evidently saw it,
but knew enough about what was
going on to keep away.

"Jack the Strangler" is again at
work in Denver. A Japanese girl of
ill repute was his third victim.

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Baking Powder will
raise more flour and
make it into purer
food than a pound of any
other baking powder.

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tested the Royal is the richest and purest,
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The Royal contains neither lime, ammonia
nor alum.

Sam E. L. Waddy
Prof. of Chemistry,
Kentucky School of Medicine.

Good health lies in the use of the Royal Baking Powder only.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

A PRAYER.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee;
Make my mortal dream come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace, that dearest is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my nature's habitude.

—John G. Whittier.

IN A HOT PLACE.

There used to exist a great rivalry
between Captains of steamboats ply-
ing on our larger rivers. To outpace
one another they would recklessly put
more steam upon the capacity of their
engines than they possibly could stand
and in consequence the boilers fre-
quently burst and the boats were
wrecked.

I was employed for a number of
years on a boat, which had a boiler
explosion in such a race, by which six
persons lost their lives. After the
damage was repaired and the six vic-
tims buried we made the necessary
preparation to resume our voyage.
Some carpenter-work remained to be
done, but the Captain thought that
could be finished while the boat was
running. We had worked very hard
for two days, and the last afternoon
was allowed us for recreation, for
early next morning the anchor would
be heaved. So we went ashore.

When I returned to the boat the
night was bitter cold and very stormy.
Instead of stationing a watchman on
deck, the boatsman locked every-
thing and retired to his cabin. Only
the engine-room was open, and the
boards and planks which were de-
molished by the explosion had not
been replaced. The floor was wet,
and no place could be found on deck
as a shelter against the increasing
storm.

I concluded to leave the interior of
the boat and sleep in open air instead
of being exposed to the fearful draft.
I felt in the dark with my hands
along the engines to find a way out,
when my foot caught on a cover ly-
ing near. I stumbled and fell with
my arms in the oval opening on the
lower end of the boiler, through
which a man might crawl for repairs,
and which, when the boiler is used, is
closed with a heavy iron cap, fastened
with a weighty clamp-iron, making
the boiler air-tight.

In this opening the blacksmith had
gone the day before to repair the
boiler. When falling into this open-
ing I knocked my head against the
boiler, giving me great pain. When
I recovered from the shock I did not
hesitate to use this uncomfortable but
protected shelter in preference to the
rough weather outside. So I crept
into the boiler.

The place was dry and warm and I
would have lain very comfortably if
this couch had been a little softer.
But for all that I slept, and slept well.
I had to change my position several
times before closing my eyes. First,
I crept to the farther end; but I moved
forward again, and from time to time
stretched my hand through the open-
ing to convince myself that it was not
yet closed.

As I did not fear that they would
close the opening without my hearing
the adjusting of the heavy iron cover,
I gradually drew back to the other
and warmer end of the boiler. Here
I fell asleep, all the sadder as the
shock again, as my head had stunned
me.

My awaking was horrible. I heard
diverse sounds by which I concluded
that day was approaching, though all
around me was impenetrable darkness.
The fearful thought struck me that
during my sleep the opening of the
boiler might have been closed. I
crept towards it. A chill went to my
heart. All was dark, closed, impen-
trable, within the great coffin around
me, without the least opening to ad-
mit air and light. Terror deprived
me of consciousness. Moaning, I
dropped down. How long I lay I do
not recollect. But the physician told
me later that it must have been more
apoplexy than faintness.

While I lay there a sensation crept
over me as if my feet were lying in
water. It rose higher and higher.
It already reached toward my knees,
and it made me feel uncommonly
chilly. The chilliness increased. An
indescribable sensation crept over me,
as more and more the water covered
my body. At last, rising slowly, it
reached my head and finally my mouth.
I heard the regular motion of the
pump pumping water into the boiler.
With horror I started up. My ter-
rible situation seemed to strengthen
me, the blood rushed to my head, but
—the Lord be praised—I did not faint
again.

The stunning terror which fell upon
me when I first realized my fearful
situation, gave way to a fervent de-
sire for self-preservation. I screamed
and shouted with all my might. I
again moved to the closed opening,
stretched my arm to the place through
which I got in, and came to the con-
clusion that I was buried alive. I
yelled again and again in my fear so
that the walls of my iron coffin shook.
But the regular pulses of the pump
gave answer as if in mockery.

I gave up all hope at last and be-
came tranquil. The thought of my
death, and in such a horrible way, had
now nothing terrible to me. It was
nothing new that man had to die such
a death. Thousands are often caught
in such small spaces of a ship, have
sunk to the bottom of the sea, have in
despair beaten against the too-well
closed hatches and been drowned.
Why should I not also die in this way?
But after I had accustomed myself to
the thought, another came to me. I
felt the water becoming hot. I heard
the crackling of the fire, which had to
change the water into steam, before
it could rise high enough to drive
me. I shuddered. My fearful situa-
tion overpowered me again. Feebly
I sank back upon the floor of the
boiler.

But my full consciousness returned
again. As I was too hoarse to shout
very loud I beat against the wall
louder and louder with increasing
force and with a strength which only
despair could impart.

There were men close by who ought
to hear my knocking. Could I not
hear the shuffling of their feet—the
dull falling of the wood? Could I not
hear even the laughing of the fireman,
who was only a few inches from my
tomb. But the singing of the water
which surrounded my knees made in
the steaming boiler more noise than
my weak knocking against the iron
wall.

Then suddenly I stepped upon a
movable object for the increasing
heat forced me to keep my feet in
motion. Mechanically I reached
out and touched a heavy hammer that
the blacksmith had accidentally left
there.

With what delight I took this tool!
With what renewed hope I beat
against the iron walls of my living
grave. But oh, horror! I had
scarcely listened for a moment when
I heard the clanking of the iron door
which the fireman opened. I per-
ceived how the fire which was about
to torture me to death would be fed
with a new supply of fuel.

Suddenly new hope sprang up in
my heart. There was no choice. I
might have been saved if I had found
the hammer even a few minutes
sooner. Now I had to take the last
means left to me, which might save
me or might cause me a death still
more horrible.

I recollected that I had a chisel in
my pocket and in less time than it
takes to describe it I put it against

one of these plates and drove it
through with the hammer. The
water rushes through the hole.
Would they see it? No; a wooden
partition hid it yet from them; the
water had to run over the deck
before they would notice the leak.

I enlarged the opening. The water
decreased. If it ran out much more
I was in danger of roasting alive upon
the iron plates, which burnt my feet
already. Ha, now they see! I hear
voices. They call for a crowbar.
The planks crash as they are torn
away. They find the leak. They
try to come close to it.

Good God! Why don't they try
first to extinguish the fire instead of
calling for tools? A desperate thought
crosses my mind and, fainting, I do
the last thing which can save me.
With extreme exertion I put my in-
dex finger through the hole. I hear
the cry of the men who saw it. I
hear the call to extinguish the fire.
I hear the first motion of the pump to
throw cold water into the boiler, and
consciousness leaves me.

When I awoke I lay upon a soft bed
surrounded by kind and loving friends
ministering to my wants. The leak
would have been stopped in a few
minutes had I not put my finger in
the hole. That finger is a shapeless
stump now, but it did a service hardly
to be expected from such an insignif-
icant member. It saved my life.—
National Tribune.

Brazilian Bookkeeping.

"What a hard time of it," says a
correspondent. "Brazilian bookkeep-
ers must have, with the long line of
figures which represent the ordinary
commercial transactions of a banking
or mercantile house. For example, a
real, the unit of the monetary system,
is written 00001 and is equal to the
value of one-twentieth of the Ameri-
can cent. There is no such coin in
circulation, the smallest being 10 reis.
There is a copper coin of 40 reis, and
a nickel coin of 100 reis and another
of 200 reis. Next comes the paper
money in notes of 1,000 reis, called
milreis. There are two milreis, 5, 10,
20, 30, 50 and 100 to a maximum of
500 milreis, numerically expressed
this way: 500000. Then there is an
imaginary denomination named a
conto, which means 1,000 milreis and
is expressed on paper 1,0000. The
par value of the paper milreis is equal
to about 51 cents American money;
but of course it varies with the times.

His Intentions Not Serious.

The protection which British juries
afford to men who abuse their wives
is extraordinary, and this is a striking
case. At Leeds a man named Knight,
whose wife had deserted him on ac-
count of his violence and intemper-
ance, went to see her to ask her to re-
turn home and because she refused he
fired three shots at her, hitting her
each time, wounding her in the arm,
back and ear. The jury found that
the prisoner fired only with the intent
to "frighten his wife," and the man
had to be discharged.

Preserved Cucumber.

Henry A. Bower of Adams town-
ship, Hamilton county, in
1854 slipped a small cucumber into a
glass bottle, and he permitted the
vine to furnish nourishment until the
cucumber had filled the available
space inside the bottle. The vine was
then clipped off, the bottle was filled
with alcohol and carefully sealed.
The cucumber still retains its original
appearance, and it looks as perfect as
it did when bottled over thirty-eight
years ago.

Something Gained.

Inquirer—Does a fish diet strengthen
the brain?
Philosopher—Perhaps not; but going
fishing seems to invigorate the im-
agination.